

The Tragedie of Hamlet

For women feare too much, euen as they loue,
And womens feare and loue hold quantity,
Either none, in neither ought, or in extremity,
Now what my Lord is prooffe hath made you know,
And as my loue is ciz't, my feare is so,
Where loue is great, the littlest doubts are feare,
Where little feares grow great, great loue grows there.

King. Faith I must leaue thee loue, and shortly to,
My operant powers their functions leaue to doe,
And thou shalt liue in this faire world behind,
Honord, belou'd, and haply one as kind,
For husband shalt thou.

Quee. O confound the rest.

Such loue must needs be treason in my brest,
In second husband let me be accurst,
None wed the second, but who kild the first.
The instances that second marriage moue
Are base respects of thrift, but none of loue,
A second time I kill my husband dead,
When second husband kisses me in bed.

Ham. That's
wormwood.

King. I do belecue you think what now you speak,
But what we doe determine, oft we breake,
Purpose is but the slaue to memory,
Of violent birth, but poore validity,
Which now the fruit vnripe sticks on the tree,
But fall vnshaken when they mellow be.
Most necessary tis that we forget
To pay our selues what to our selues is debt,
What to our selues in passion we propose,
The passion ending, doth the purpose lose,
The violence of either griefe or ioy,
Their owne ennaatures with themselves destroy,
Where ioy most reuels, griefe doth most lament,
Griefe ioy, ioy griefes, on slender accedent,
This world is not for aye, nor tis not strange,
That euen our loues should with our fortunes change,
For tis a question left vs yet to proue,
Whether loue lead fortune, or else fortune loue.
The great man downe, you marke his fauourite flies,

The

Prince of Denmark

The poore aduanced makes
And hether too doth loue
For who not needs, shall neuer
And who in want a hollow
Directly seasons him his end
But orderly to end where I
Our wills and fates do so co
That our deuices still are ou
Our thoughts are ours, their
So thinke thou wilt no seco
But dy thy thoughts when t

Quee. Nor earth to me giue
Sport and repose lock from
To desperation turne my tru
And Anchors cheere in pris
Each opposite that blanks
Meet what I would haue we
Both here and hence pursue
If once I be a widdow, euer

King. Tis deeply sworne,
My spirits grow dull and fa
The tedious day with sleep,

Quee. Sleep rock thy bra
And neuer come mischance

Ham. Maddam, how like

Quee. The Lady doth pro

Ham. O but shee'll keep

King. Haue you heard the

Ham. No, no, they do

King. What do you call

Ham. The Mouse, rap, r

Image of a murder done in
his wife *Baptista*, you shall
but what of that? your Ma
touches vs not, let the gaul
wrong. This is one *Lucian*

Enter Luc

Ob. You are as good as

Ham. I could interpret b